

1501/61 3

POETICAL EPISTLE

T O

Miss C--H--Y :

Occasioned by her appearing in the CHARACTER of

IPHIGENIA,

At the late JUBILEE BALL at

RANELAGH:

WITH

A Digression on the D--KE, and the celebrated Mrs. C---B--R.

*Some Men to Pleasure, some to Bus'ness take,
But ev'ry Woman is at Heart a Rake.*

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast.

POPE.

CONG.

L O N D O N :

Printed for TOM. ANDREW, Jun. near Craven-Street, in the Strand. 1749.

(Price Sixpence.)

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2. Distribution on the D. M. P. and the colored lines C-B-R.

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W O D W O J

Printed for Tom Andrew, London, in the Strand. 1740.

(Price Sixpence.)



A N

E P I S T L E, &c.

CURSE on the times ! for satire reigns o'er all,
 When not a Fop can glitter at a ball,
 When not a Belle can flutter in brocade,
 When not a K--g can grace a masquerade,
 But biting satire lifts its forked tongue,
 And aims its arrows at the gay and young.
 Cupid (great God) must bear its sharp rebuke,
 For wounding with his darts a royal D-ke;

B

A

A D-ke, a Hero, born the scourge of *France*,
 Alike instructed, or to fight or dance ;
 Both great and soft, alike by nature made,
 Witness ye calm retreats of *Windsor's* shade.
 To some cool grott, where smiling loves repair,
 With triumph crown'd, he led the homely fair ;
 Not raptur'd more, a bridegroom leads his bride,
 (In royal bosoms dwells so little pride)
 The fair must now more dazzling pleasures feel,
 " And grind no more, as chandler's grind oatmeal.

But you, O C--h--y ! born mankind to please,
 To dress with freedom, and gallant with ease ;
 O learn my fair, all censure to dispise,
 And trust alone the lightning of your eyes ;
 Nay sometimes deign your snowy breast to show,
 For Beauty still does captivate the Beau :
 Beauty alone can give to beauty laws,
 Beauty first taught to weave transparent gauze ;

Beauty



Beauty instructed to display the skin,
 Fools only rail, and prudes may call it sin,
 But beauty reigns o'er its insulting foes,
 At censure laughs, but sweetly smiles at beaux.

That, dress is awkward, all the gay must feel,
 To nature hateful, which your charms conceal;
 Some ancient maid first taught to veil the neck,
 As some distorted prude first wore a sack.

Why should those parts, by nature meant to shine,
 Be veil'd? since beauty has a power divine.
 Why should the bosom of surpassing white,
 Be hid (thrice cruel!) from the wond'ring sight?
 Nature ne'er gave her charms for you to hide,
 But gave man power to love, and woman pride.

Long, long oppressed in these censorious days,
 Has beauty ceas'd to aim at boundless praise.
 From custom's chains fair beauty never broke,
 Till you arose, and spurn'd the tyrant's yoke.

To

To thee, O *Ch--lay*! does the praise belong,
 The grateful raptures of the gay and young.
 Thou first essay'dst to shake off custom's chain,
 To shew mankind that women dare be vain;
 To shew mankind, and the surrounding fair,
 The power of beauty, when that beauty's bare.

On some fair bank, once *Iphigenia* lay,
 And smiling loves did on her bosom play:
 "The fanning wind, upon the bosom blows,
 "To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose."
 A rustic clown, her radiant charms survey'd,
 And fell devoted to the sleeping maid.

Inspired by love, and never dying praise,
 So, *C---h---y*, you attack by various ways;
 Now, in a mask enwrap your charming face,
 And now profusely lavish every grace,
 Now glance oblique, as in a soft surprize,
 And now display your neck, and now your t---hs.

Now

Now o'er the land, peace spreads her downy wing,
 Now clamorous *Beard*, and *Lowe*, and *Fawlkener* sing;
 Now mighty Heroes, who in belgian plains,
 Won lasting glory, in three long campaigns,
 Return with lawrels, more than fame can tell,
 To shine at Balls, or sparkle in the *Mall*;
 With glorious scars, while some must awkward limp,
 And those who 'scap'd the war, must act the pimp,
 Find for the D-ke some young unpractis'd fair,
 To lose her virtue in *St. James's* air;
 All joy in peace, the toils of conquest o'er,
 And now a c-k--ld make, and now a wh--re.

To crown the triumphs o'er subjected *France*,
 See all the gay, in jubilee, advance;
 See Heroes, Statesmen, flaunt it in disguise,
 See maids, and matrons, all illustrious rise;

See Belles, Coquettes, and each gay straying wife,
Behold the soft varieties of life.

But tow'ring far, above each pigmy elf,
Deign fairest creature, deign to view yourself;
All eyes are gazing, as you move along,
All hearts are fluttering, in the shining throng;
Fond admiration scans the wond'rous show,
Each rival envies, and adores each Beau;
Beauty display'd, in native lustre charms,
The rising bosom every heart alarms;
Each feels a pang, which the severe call sin,
And all admire an alabaster skin.

These Conquests fair-one did attend on you,
The mode was pleasing, for the mode was new.

---If blest'd the bard, who in poetic rage,
 Can with new Thunders, shake the yielding stage;
 Can paint his scenes, with an unusual art,
 And strike out new access to the heart,
 More blest'd the Fair, who can new methods prove,
 And find some yet unpractis'd art in love;
 Can roll the eye with unaccustom'd glance,
 Can flaunt more sprightly, or more sprightly dance;
 While round and round, admiring numbers press,
 Can frisk more gay, or more alluring dress:
 While admiration all its praise affords,
 The smiles of Coxcombs, Fribbles, Fops, and Lords.
 Beauty instructs the tender heart to glow,
 Each glance is fate; now languish every beau;
 See to your view, transporting charms arise,
 And flash, like lightning, on your dazzled eyes;

See

See art and nature all their efforts try,

Ye fops behold it, and beholding die.

Thrice happy *C---h---y*! all this art is thine,

Seal it, ye beaux, attest the truth divine,

C---h---y, tho' young, has some new graces shown,

From none she borrow'd---for the art's her own.

But now, my Fair, attend my friendly lays,

I mean no censure, and I mean no praise;

Attend to nature, follow nature's plan,

Tho' censure threatens you, and tho' fages scan :

They threat in vain, you act as nature wills,

Your wit still flashes, and your beauty kills.

Ask * *Belvidera*, she the Truth can prove,

She follows nature, when she whines in love;

To

* This celebrated Actress and Courtesan, is not unsuspected of contributing her Assistance towards the extraordinary Appearance of our Heroine.

To *Jaffier's* Bosom; when she cooing flies,
 She follows nature, as she rolls her eyes;
 She follows nature when in *Sylph's* arms,
 She smiles delighted, and resigns her charms.

Long may you both feel nature's boundless sway,
 While she directs, my Fair, and you obey.
 While on the stage she courts supreme applause,
 And in the high green room promulgates laws;
 Now seems to smile, and now assumes a frown,
 And leers at all admirers, but her own.
 While you in courts your virtue still preserve,
 'Midst maids of honour, nor from honour swerve:
 Still teach mankind your beauty's to rehearse,
 While some applaud in prose, and some in verse;
 While all agree your person to caress,
 And some your charms extol, and some your dress.

But

But chief attend the moral which I sing,
 That Fair is happy, who can please a King;
 Let satire then its empty threats forbear,
 Nor dare again invade a fair one's ear.

When practis'd statesmen scorn the venal bribe,
 When fees no more allure the pleading tribe;
 When spotless virtue theatres shall teach,
 And reverend parsons practice what they preach;
 When learned Doctors shall forbear to kill,
 And ladies cease to play at dear quadrille;
 When smarts turn modest, rakes begin to save,
 Then hope, ye fools, to see coquettes turn grave.



F I N I S